DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVII., No. 10. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1882. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

LION'S LESSON TO HIS MASTER; OR, RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.

"A dog cannot plead his own right,
Nor give a soft answer unto wrath."
MARTIN TUPPER.

"When Solon gave laws to the people, 'tis said,
For private affronts no provision was made,
But Scripture points here to an excellent way,
Bidding all men for evil, with good to repay."

"I'll never forgive her, never; and there's an end of it," said John Whitworth. "I'll have nothing more to do with her, happen what will."

Such was the reply I received from my often cross-grained parishioner when I went to him to try and plead the cause of his niece, Mary Walton, who had sorely displeased him by her marriage.

The circumstances were these. John Whitworth was a small farmer, living on the confines of my parish. His wife had died several years before this time. Report said he had been a surly husband to her, though he had seemed to feel her death a good deal. He had no children, but he had a young niece, who often came to stay with him, who looked after his domestic concerns as she grew to womanhood. She was an orphan, and had been brought up by a cousin, who had a large family of children, but whose heart was large enough to take Mary into it and her house when her parents died and left her destitute. She was the daughter of John Whitworth's wife's sister. Although he had never actually adopted her, he had her so often at the farm after his wife's death, that it seemed likely he would do so in the end. John was not a popular man with his neighbors. His temper was not at all good, and he never forgot an affront. He had shown this by keeping up a feeling of anger toward a man named Symonds, who had grievously offended him some years ago by going to law about a small piece of land which John claimed for his own, but which Symonds was prepared to prove belonged to his adjoining farm, having been bought by his grandfather; though, owing to death and subsequent troubles, it had not been claimed for years, and had been used as a right of way by Whitworth's father to reach some fields to which it was a short cut. Symonds resolved to contest the point, and he won it, and at once shut up the road by way of proving his rights, though in reality he could make little or no use of it himself. John never spoke to him again from that day, and he extended his anger to all his family even after Symonds' death, and when the circumstance had died away from every one's mind, being only remembered by the neighbors as an old law affair concerning a right of way, which had caused a coolness between the two men concerned.

Henry Symonds was scarcely come to man's estate when his father died. He would fain have been friends with his crusty neighbor, but all advances were in vain. John would have nothing to say to him or to any of them. The old feeling seemed to rankle in his heart strong as ever, even toward another generation.

It will easily be understood, therefore, that it was with considerable annoyance he found that a strong attachment had sprung up between Henry Symonds and his niece, Mary Walton, who was now so much with him that she was becoming almost as a daughter. Her uncle's indignation took her quite by surprise, for she had scarcely believed it possible that an old quarrel with the father should so affect his feelings toward the son, who was but a mere boy when it took place. But John was firm, and when she declared their intention of marrying, he vowed that from the day she became Symonds' wife he would have no more to do with her. On the other hand, he said if she would give him up he would adopt her as his daughter, and she should inherit the farm and whatever was his at his death.

But Mary loved too well to give up Symonds. His prospects, unfortunately, were not bright, for bad times had come since his father's death. A debt which had long been owing had had to be paid, and the little farm was about to be sold, and Henry Symonds must earn a living by industry and hard work; but he was in a fair way to do so, and Mary preferred sharing his fortunes rather than becoming her uncle's heiress.

She was married from her cousin's house, and they settled at Tiverton, a village about two miles from Whitworth's farm, Henry having obtained a situation there with a farmer, which would give them a settled though humble home.

From that time Mary saw nothing of her uncle, though she made several attempts to conciliate him. I tried, as his clergyman, to bring him to a more forgiving state of mind, but in vain. Once, when he had a severe illness, I had opportunities of seeing him which did not occur when he was well, and I hoped I was beginning to show him his own great need of forgiveness for his uncharitable feelings. But he recovered his health all too soon for the good of his soul; and the care of the farm seemed again the only thing that interested him. Several years passed by and brought misfortune and sorrow to Mary Symonds. Her husband fell into ill-health, and had to give up all hard work. Consumption came on so rapidly that Mary found herself a widow with one child almost before she had fairly realized that his case was a hopeless one.

As she was left nearly destitute, I made another attempt to move John Whitworth's heart toward her. I thought, now that her husband was dead, he surely would relent and offer a home to her and her child. It was on a fine spring morning I went to him. He was in one of his fields, and by his side was a large dog that he had had for years, and that had grown old in his service. Alas! it was in vain I pleaded for Mary. He made the old reply, that she had chosen to marry contrary to his wishes, and so he had nothing more to do with her. I saw it was useless to say more on the subject.

A few weeks later his house was broken into by thieves in the night, and a sum of money was stolen out of a bureau that stood in the parlor. "Lion," the dog, slept in the yard, very near that part of the house, but he had not barked or given any alarm, probably because he had grown deaf of late from old age. Whitworth was very angry with him,

"THE MAN WAS ALMOST SENSELESS WHEN I DREW HIM OUT."

WALLACE BAY
Cumb Co NS
W O H Layton 15 coop.

and pronounced him a useless bit of lumber, when he was telling me about his loss the following day.

"If Lion had done his duty," he said, "the burglars would not have succeeded in getting in," and he gave the dog an angry push away with his foot as he came confidingly up to him.

"Lion is growing old," I said. "He has been a good servant to you for a long time; now he is almost past service."

"He's only fit to be drowned," replied he.

"Nay," I remarked; "the poor fellow may have a good deal of enjoyment of life yet if he be, as it were, turned out to grass, and you can get a younger one as a watch-dog."

Two days afterwards, as I was sitting in a favorite spot of mine, in a little copse by the side of the noble river that runs through that part of our neighborhood, I saw a boat approaching, in which sat a man and a large dog. As they came nearer I recognized John Whitworth and Lion.

The river was very deep and wide in this part, and the current rang strong. Suddenly Whitworth stopped rowing, and seizing Lion, threw him into the river. He had tied a stone around his neck in order to sink him, and doubtless it would have done so quickly had not the string by which it was tied broken and consequently he rose again to the surface. Whitworth leaned over the side of the boat, and tried to keep him down with his oar. The poor animal saw his intention, and howled piteously, as if crying for mercy. But his master did not intend to show mercy. I ran from my retreat toward the spot to beg for his life, but before I reached it I saw Whitworth overbalance himself in his effort to hold Lion down, and fall into the river.

He was no swimmer, and a cry of horror broke from him as he went over into the the water. He sank directly, then rose again. Instantly Lion seized him by the coat, and battling with the strong current, began to try and swim with him to the bank. It was a violent struggle of strength against the stream, but the noble beast triumphed, and brought his burden within reach of my arm. The man was almost senseless when I drew him out, but he soon began to recover. Lion lay completely exhausted, watching his master with eyes of affection, and giving an occasional wag with his tail in token of satisfaction at the result of the affair. Truly he had returned good for evil. He had saved the life of the master who had intended to put an end to his!

There was no need for me to remind Whitworth of this fact as I was inclined to do, for his first words when he spoke were addressed to Lion.

"Poor fellow, good fellow," he said, "you have saved my life when I was trying to drown you; it was all over with me but for you." He was glad of the assistance of my arm to walk toward his home. Lion kept close beside him. I thought it was a moment to speak a word in season.

"Although Lion is but a dog," I remarked "he has exemplified our Saviour's injunction to return good for evil. I think, Whitworth, both you and I may learn a lesson from him. If I were ever henceforth to feel unforgiving to any one, I hope I should resolve that I would not be outdone by a dog in generosity of feeling and conduct."

"I know what you are thinking of, sir," he said; "you are comparing Lion's forgiving me to my not forgiving Mary."

"I certainly was hoping, and do hope, Whitworth, that since you have been so close to death, you may see how sad a thing it would have been for you to have gone into eternity with the sin of anger on your soul toward one who never really gave you just cause for offence. It seems to me that God has this day not only spared your life in a remarkable manner, but that He has done so under circumstances intended to set your besetting sin of unforgiveness strongly before your eyes."

We were close to his home by this time; and as he was quite able to walk the few yards from the gate to the house alone, I shook hands and bade him good-bye. There was a softened look in his countenance, which made me add: "I need scarcely remind you to go and give thanks to God for sparing your life, Whitworth. But will you not also ask Him to show you how you can serve and please Him between this day and the day of the death that must come at last, you know?"

He did not reply but I felt satisfied from his manner that he would think of what I had said. I looked back in a minute or two and saw him caressing Lion as the dripping pair reached the door of the house.

I was called from home to a sick relative the next day, and it was more than a fortnight before I returned. I had had much to engross my thoughts during my absence, and Whitworth had for the time quite passed from my mind; but as I was passing by his farm the day after I came back, I called to see if he had been any the worse for his adventure. Great was my surprise to find Mary Symonds completely domesticated in the house.

She told me that her uncle had fetched her a week ago, and having quite "made it up with her," as she called it, he had said he wished her to make his house her home in future. She spoke of him with affection, saying how great his kindness was to her and her child.

Whitworth was out, but I met him as I was returning home, and told him how glad I was to have found his niece at the farm, and that I trusted they would have many happy days together.

"You see, sir," he said, "I did not forget what you said to me. I've had a deal of thought over it all since that day, and I felt as if Lion were reproaching me every time I looked at him with being so much better-natured than myself. Yes, sir, the dog taught me a lesson, and I hope I shan't soon forget it."

I have every reason to believe that he never did forget it. John Whitworth was an entirely altered man from that time. He became a regular church-goer and a most devout communicant. Poor Lion lived for nearly two years longer, petted and cared for by his master who owed him so much. I have left that part of the country for some years, but now and then I pay a passing visit to my old parish and friends. The last time I saw John Whitworth, he was still living happily with his niece. Her son is fast growing up to manhood, and will be a great help soon to his uncle on the farm. Whitworth had not forgotten Lion. Taking down a well-cleaned brass collar from a nail in the kitchen, he showed it me, saying—

"It was poor Lion's. Mary keeps it bright for his sake. Ah! sir, often when I look at it as it hangs up there, I think to myself, if man's pride would only let him, he may learn many a lesson from brute beasts, though few men get such a one as my poor old dog taught me."—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE HISTORY OF TOMMY.

The following poem is written on the picture of the cat, the subject of the picture story for which prizes were offered in the MESSENGER of January 2nd., but was not sent in competition.

Old Tommy and Tabby once lived in a loft,
Had a bed in the hay most deliciously soft;
And 'twas there, on a beautiful sunshiny morn,
That the last of a series of kittens was born.
Both parents, of course, were exceedingly glad;
And said Tabby, "we'll name the child after his dad;"
So they christened him Tommy without more ado,
And by that name I now introduce him to you.
Of Tom's family connection, I need only remark
That two of his ancestors sailed in the Ark,
That his dad was Canadian, his ma a Maltee,
And leave others to trace out his long pedigree.
Now Tom's dad was a hunter, as were all of his race,
And like Nimrod of old, he was fond of the chase;
While Tabby disdained not his labors to share,
When her kits could dispense with her motherly care.
Strange to say, Tom was born, like the rest of his kind,
In conditions that rendered him totally blind,
Till about the ninth day, when to his surprise,
In some way or other he opened his eyes,
And saw in existence, so lately begun,
A world, as he thought, of unlimited fun.
At Tabby he glanced with his round sparkling eye;
And she thought she'd seen nothing so cunning and sly;
So around his soft body her fore paw did steal,
While she purred out the love that all mother-cats feel.

On his early career though we must not now dwell,
Nor delay our dear readers in order to tell
How, when scarce had he found out the use of his paws,
He would scamper and chase after feathers and straws,
How he'd spring upon Tabby with comical glare,
Then roll on his back with his paws in the air,
How he'd run in a circle as swift as the gale
In most earnest endeavors to capture his tail,
And how he could climb with such infinite ease,
To the very top branch of the neighboring trees,
How, in short, it was said that, from first to the last,
Tom's feats of gymnastics were never surpassed.
You'll observe that Tom sprang of illustrious race,
Was, in person, possessed of most exquisite grace,
So you'll pardon poor Tabby as judging therefrom,
She predicted a future most brilliant for Tom.
As time swiftly passed, Tom as rapidly grew
In wisdom and stature as other cats do;
But acquiring bad habits, I'm sorry to say,
From the pathway of virtue, he wandered away,
With a kind of companions, it must be confessed,
Whose morals were certainly not of the best;
And the praises of Tabby, too, addled his brain,
And rendered poor Tommy conceited and vain.
Now Tom was brought up, I may mention to you,
To have all that he wanted and nothing to do;
And the habit of idleness rapidly grows,
With but slight cultivation as all the world knows—
Like the mould that so often is found upon cheese
Or the fungi that cling to the branches of trees.
As a victim of idleness, Tom would maintain,
While he looked on all labor with lofty disdain,
That the chasing of mice and the hunting of rats,
Was a business degrading to gentlemen-cats.
But a cat that wants mice and that will not pursue 'em
Will cease to distinguish 'twixt *meum* and *tuum*,
For when he sensations of hunger does feel,
We'll find him by no means too honest to steal.
And our hero was not an exception to rule,
For, like all other cats of the same idle school,
When, at length, he was forced his own living to seek,
He become, in due time, a contemptible sneak,
Who'd watch for his chance at a half open door,
To slip in and plunder the house-keeper's store;
And if no one was near, Tommy found himself able,
To spring with great ease upon sideboard or table,
And often in quest of his ill-gotten pelf,
He would climb to the top of the loftiest shelf.
At length 'twas determined in seeking relief,
From the daily inroads of this four-footed thief,
When he'd baffled all other schemes they could contrive,
To offer reward for him dead or alive.
When Tom was thus forced for his safety to roam,
Deprived of all sympathy, shelter, and home,
A target at which to throw stone or brickbat,
He learned what it was to be nobody's cat.
His coat that had once been as smooth as a seal,
Soon passed through the stage of the "shabby genteel,"
And was now such a coat—all matted and torn—
As an honest-going cat would never have worn.
His eye that had once been so bright and so cheery,
Had now, by debauch, become sunken and bleary;
And his face and his ears were so covered with scars,
As at once to proclaim him a pupil of Mars.
Tommy's voice, though now harsh, was exceedingly loud;
Of its volume and compass he'd always been proud;
And to pour forth his strains on a still, cloudy night,
Always seemed to afford him some special delight,
So one night Tom requested his comrades to aid
In giving the neighbors a grand serenade:
With this object in view, all together they ran,
'Neath a window where slumbered a nervous young man.
At a point in the music that Tom thought was glorious,
When discordant notes arose loud and uproarious,
This nervous young man was waked out of his dreams
By a rapid succession of horrible screams.
In less time than I tell it he slipped out of bed,
Raised softly the window and popped out his head,
Then threw a swift missile, as straight as a line,
Which nearly quite fractured the curve of Tom's spine.
By this sad event Tom thought he had found,
That a man might be "moved with sweet concord of sound"
And yet might be classed with a good show of reason
With those whom the poet thought "fitted for treason."
But our hero at length convalescence regained
And he thought that his hardships most fully explained,
Why the number of "lives of a cat should be nine,"
And he noted the fact as a "mark of design."
Not long after this and while still slightly lame,
Tom was wandering about without object or aim
Till he came to a door where he thought that he heard,
In adjoining apartments, the chirp of a bird.
This door, 'twas observed, was without bolt or bar—
In fact, Tommy found it just slightly ajar;
So at once he determined an entrance to win,
And by dint of hard squeezing he forced himself in.
His entrance now gained, Tom observed in the room,
A cupboard, a bench, some plants all in bloom,
And a number of birds all alarmed by the din—
Apt emblems of virtue as Tom was of sin.
Now the cupboard was tilted right back to the wall,
And the slightest disturbance might cause it to fall;
So when Tom was just crouching to spring on his prey,
And was lashing his sides in the most approved way,
All at once he gave vent to a terrible wail,
As the cupboard came down with a crash on his tail.
With squirms and contortions, Tom pleaded in vain
For the birds to come down and release him from pain,
But they eyed him with pleasure, as much as to say
"He who came here to scoff, is remaining to pray."
As the birds all refused their assistance to lend,
Tommy came as you see to a most painful end,
And from his sad experience this lesson we gain
That in work there is honor, in idleness pain.

Smithfield, Ont. Feb. 6, 1882. F. B.

HOW TO BE SAFE.

"Doctor," said a patient, a short time since, after reading over the prescription of a distinguished friend of temperance, whom ill-health had obliged him to consult,—"Doctor do you think a little spirits now and then would hurt me very much?"

"Why, no, sir," answered the doctor deliberately; "I do not know that a little now and then would hurt you much; but, sir, if you don't take any, it won't hurt you at all."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

LETTER TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

THE BABY'S FOOD.

When my babies were four or five months old, I found it was necessary to feed them a little. At first it was only sweetened milk and water once or twice a day. Gradually I increased the number of times, and also added other things, like thoroughly boiled oatmeal and hominy, Graham crackers, and milk, &c., till, by the time they were a year old they were weaned without knowing it, and also had quite a "bill of fare." I fed them with a spoon, too, from the beginning; and, though it was a little more trouble at first, it saved me the necessity of weaning them from the bottle. I also taught them to drink from a small cup before they were six months old. They spluttered and spilled it at first; but it was so convenient a way of feeding them in the night, that it paid for the extra trouble, and they soon learned to take it nicely. And that reminds me how grateful they are for a drink of fresh water occasionally. I have seen a fretful baby quieted by that when everything else failed. Ice rubbed on swollen gums, and then allowed to melt in the mouth, will afford great relief to a teething baby. In your choice of food, be governed by the state of the system; some children need aperient, others astringent, food and different articles at different times. By watching matters yourself, you can regulate them perfectly in this way without medicine, which should always be a *dernier resort*.

Another important matter is to be regular in your times of feeding them. A ten months' old baby should have its five or six meals a day as regularly as you your three. Their stomachs need intervals of rest as much as "grown-up" ones, and will become accustomed to it very readily. My little Katie, just one year old, has her first breakfast soon after waking,—say before seven o'clock; her second meal before her morning nap—about ten; her dinner—which I make the heartiest meal, and at which I try any new article of food, since she can digest it better then than earlier or later—between twelve and one; her supper at four, or thereabout, and her "night-cap" about six—just before she is undressed and put into her crib. If she wakes late in the evening, I give her a drink of milk; but she doesn't always want it, and when she is a little older, I can accustom her to do without it.

The pernicious habit some children have of eating at odd hours is enough to destroy the best natural digestion. Their appetites have no zest to them, and they eat so little at the regular meal, that they soon begin to crave something more, and, taking a little then, destroy the real healthy hunger, but do not satisfy the stomach's needs; and so they go—never really hungry never fully satisfied. A healthy, well-trained child will seldom ask for anything between meals. Sometimes, between an early or a light breakfast and a one o'clock dinner, it may be advisable to give him a simple lunch of bread and butter, a few Graham crackers, or plain cookies, or a little fruit; but let it be early enough not to interfere with dinner—say before eleven o'clock; in fact, let it be a supplementary meal of itself. Of course this applies to older children only; but your boy will be older before you know it.

I take it for granted that you will not feel satisfied if your child is merely free from actual disease; you want him to be positively healthy, ruddy-cheeked, strong-limbed, active enough to enjoy a winter walk without taking cold, vigorous enough to bear a summer's heat without "running down," full of overflowing life and animal spirits. Then you will need to ask yourself regarding his food, and to ascertain not only what won't hurt him, but what will give him the best material for building up bones and muscles, nerve and brain tissues; in short, what sort of timber you will furnish him to build his house with. I often recall what an old doctor said to me concerning children's taking cold: "They don't have croup or lung fever from every unnecessary exposure; but a certain part of their vitality, which ought to go toward their growth, is expended in resisting the evil influence." So with food.

There are plenty of things which grown people eat without much thought (and I don't know that it does them much harm,

> "For they are old and tough,
> And can eat them well enough"),

articles which are neither nutritious nor easily digested, but which it is sheer robbery to feed to children; for instance, pies, rich cake, sausages, indeed pork in any form, fried things generally, all kinds of hot breads and biscuits, doughnuts, griddle-cakes &c. These should all be tabooed in the nursery.

And people give them to their children, in this land of plenty, where there is such a variety of prepared cereal food, oatmeal, cracked wheat, hominy, Graham flour, rice, corn starch, &c., and where, the whole year round, fresh, luscious fruit of some kind is always plenty and cheap. Compare a dessert of apples or oranges to one of mince pie, or a breakfast of beefsteak and oatmeal to one of sausages and griddle-cakes!

Yet, I have heard mothers say who had brought their children up on a course of griddle-cakes, doughnuts, and soda biscuits: "Oh! I let my children eat anything; there is no use in being fussy, and they're as well as most people,"—in the face of the fact that not one of them enjoys really robust health, that unusual fatigue overcomes them completely, and headaches and bilious attacks abound. Some people seem to think that as long as their children are not writhing in the actual agonies of the stomach-ache nothing has hurt them.

"But you don't object to griddle-cakes," I hear you say. "We had them almost the year round for breakfast, at father's, and we children did not eat anything else."

There is the mischief of it. Two or three light, carefully fried griddle-cakes to "finish off" a substantial breakfast of meat or fish might have a negative virtue, though I doubt if they could have a positive one; but for a growing child to take, on a fasting stomach, to begin the day's work with plateful after plateful of the leathery, grease-soaked compounds that go by the name of griddle-cakes, with syrup or molasses to complete the mischief—it seems as if a little reflection would teach the most ignorant mother better. For those who give them to their children for supper I haven't a word to say. They are joined to their idols.

After all, the question is not, What is the minimum of care and thought required to bring children up to the point where they can take care of themselves? but, What is the maximum development of all their physical and mental powers? Has the average man or woman so much physical health and mental culture that we can afford to cast aside as unnecessary any helps to a higher standard of physical development?

It is a very solemn thought that the usefulness and happiness of their mature years will be largely augmented or diminished by their health of body—and for that we mothers are directly responsible. I know there are hereditary taints and predispositions to disease, and that no human foresight can altogether prevent accidents and contagious diseases; yet, for a child's normal physical condition, his mother is really responsible. At all events, he should have no worse constitution than he was born with, and, if possible, a better one.

Did you ever think of all it meant to you as a mother in those passages where Paul speaks of our bodies as being made fit temples for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit?—*Mary Blake in Scribner's Monthly.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Stair carpets can be made to last a long time by having a yard more than the length needed to cover the stairs, for then you can change it so that the same place in the carpet will not come upon the edge of the stairs every time it is put down.

Red ants, one of the worst pests of the household, may be trapped by placing a greased plate where the ants can get to it, when in a short time it will be covered with the ants, adhering to the sticky surface. The ants may be wiped off and killed, whenever the plate becomes covered, and the trap set for another "catch."

Don't forget the birds when you eat celery. Save the tender ends and greens, and if you dine at night place these in water to give the songsters for their morning refreshments.

A great many ladies who save everything else waste their rose leaves. Dried they make the most delightful filling for sofa pillows, pin cushions, &c., retaining their fragrance a great length of time.

It is not an easy thing to wash windows so that they will look clear and well polished, and if soapsuds are used it is quite impossible to do it. The old-fashioned way of taking out all the windows and washing them in soapsuds, and setting them aside to dry after the suds have been rinsed off, is, to be sure, the easiest way of cleaning them, but it also is the worst way to make them look clear and bright. First brush them off well with a sponge or brush that comes for the purpose, and then wrap a bit of cloth about a sharp-pointed stick, and wipe out the dust that adheres to the corners, then take some weak tea, boiling hot, and add to it a tablespoonful of alcohol and a few drops of aqua ammonia, or a bit of carbonate of ammonia the size of an English walnut. Dip a piece of sponge or old flannel, or of old canton flannel into it, and rub the glass one way only until it shines clear. Wipe it off with another cloth, rubbing it until well polished.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a teaspoonful of salt, and it will help it very much.

In warm weather put your eggs in cold water sometimes before you are ready to use them.

Lemons may be kept fresh a long time in a jar of water, changing the water every morning.

A true test for eggs is to drop them in water, and if the large end comes up they are not fresh.

Hams wrapped in thick brown paper and packed in a barrel of wood ashes in the cellar, will keep all summer.

To test nutmegs prick them with a pin and if they are good the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Bar soap when first bought should be cut in square pieces and put in a dry place. It lasts better after shrinking.

PRETTY FANCY ARTICLES.

I have just completed several articles of fancy work, some of which I would like to describe.

I was very anxious to have a work basket, so I procured two large peach baskets, sandpapered the outsides smooth, then gave them two coats of black paint; when dry, pasted scrap-pictures on the sides, then varnished. I then took bright cherry silk-finished silesia and lined both baskets neatly, and for the top basket make two small pockets of the silesia, and around the top a pleating of the silesia frayed at the hedges. For a handle, took a hoop from a keg, cut it in two, fastened with small nails at each side of the basket, and covered with narrow pleating. Join the baskets by nailing the two bottoms together with small nails.

I also made a brush-broom holder, taking for the foundation a straw cuff, covered the outside with heavy paper, and over that a piece of blue silk cut the desired shape, made a puffing of silk for the lower end of cuff, and attached three small blue balls with cord; around the top put a heading of blue quilted ribbon, also above the puffing at the bottom of the cuff. Hang with a large cord and balls. A handsome scrap picture can be pasted on the front side, if desired.

A handy basket for carrying fancy work, &c., is made by taking a piece of pasteboard, folding it round, and covering with silver paper or cherry silk, as may be desired, and at each end draw a piece of silk to form a bag; draw the silk with silk cord and tassels and tie; also silk cord and tassels for handle. If preferred, cardboard covered with Java-canvas and worked in cross stitch can be substituted for the above.—*Kate Holman in The Household.*

TO CALLERS ON THE SICK.

Only call at the door unless you are sure your friend is able to see you.

Enter and leave the house and move about the room quietly.

If your friend is very sick do not fall into gay and careless talk in the attempt to be cheerful.

Do not ask questions, and thus oblige your friend to talk.

Talk about something outside and not about the disease and circumstances of the patient.

Tell the news, but not the list of the sick and dying.

If possible, carry something with you to please the eye and relieve the monotony of the sick room; a flower, or a picture, which you can loan for a few days.

If desirable, some little delicacy to tempt the appetite will be well bestowed; but nothing could be a more complete illustration of mistaken kindness than the common custom of tempting sick persons to eat rich cakes, preserves, sweetmeats &c.

Stay only a moment, or a few minutes at the longest, unless you can be of help.—*Housekeeper.*

PUZZLES.

BEHEADED WORDS.

I'm seen upon the queen's highway,
Sometimes by night, mostly by day,
And in the garden I appear
On working days throughout the year.
I am not always on the ground—
In fireworks I'm often found;
Ladies once used me with much grace;
On decks of ships I have a place.

When you have twisted off my head
I'm that on which most people tread—
A thing of flesh, a thing of leather,
The two are often found together.
To pauper, peasant, king or queen,
I am of priceless worth, I ween;
In lowly cot and lordly court
To all I give a firm support.

Next, strange as it may sound or look,
Outdoing Maskelyne and Cooke,
You may cut off a second head,
And go, like them, unpunished;
Nay, more, I promise you a treat,
If you first dress me and then—eat,
No matter whether large or small,
I am most wholesome food for all.

PUZZLE.

What five letters of the alphabet form a sentence of forgiveness?

NINETEEN CAPES.

are buried in the following puzzle.

If we visit Savannah we shall find an abundance of early fruits and vegetables. We may feast on oranges, and find the winter like spring, all in as much promise and beauty. The skies are clear, the air is spicy, and there is a grace in nature. Our sable friend Sambo never troubles himself to work too much, and never departs from his slow gait. Still, he is on the lookout for little jobs, and though lazy, may fare well by a little attention to visitors. Constant work may be a thorn in his side. But we must not look for pillar saints. Kings and queens are mortal, and we may as well touch Sambo's palm as that of our white brethren, and show rather a Christian spirit than a proud one.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in fancy, but not in dream;
My second is in river, but not in stream;
My third is in silver, but not in gold;
My fourth is in forest, but not in fold.
My fifth is in sower, but not in seed;
My sixth is in meadow, but not in mead;
My seventh is in borrow but not in lend;
My eighth is in Quaker, but not in friend;
My ninth is in singer, also in song;
And my whole you will hear all day long,
Upon an annual celebration,
Which is kept throughout the nation.

DEFECTIVE PROVERB.

Replace the stars by the proper letters, and a proverb will be formed.

ee *hing* *o* *eve* *ear* *n* *o* *il* *in* *us* *o* *he*.

REBUS.

B
E

SEVEN BURIED CITIES.

This ring is an opal; Myra gave it to baby long before the dear pet ran alone. It was the best she could find at Rov's, in the city, Reade Street.

LETTER PUZZLE.

One I, one O, one R, four S's, and one C. Now place these letters in order, and form a word for me.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF MAY 1.

CHARADE.—Nosegay.

ANAGRAM.—1, Notation. 2, Addition. 3, Numeration. 4, Multiplication. 5, Subtraction. 6, Division.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—H. W. Longfellow.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Mole, pole, sole, hole, role, lore, love, cloves.

PI.—

I think not of to-morrow,
Its trials or its task;
But still with childlike spirit
For present mercies ask.
With each returning morning
I cast old things away
Life's journey lies before me—
My Prayer is for to-day.

A KETTLE OF FISH.—1, Perch. 2, Pike. 3, Shad(ow). 4, Herring. 5 Sole. 6, Chub. 7, Smelt. 8, Sheepshead. 9, Dolphin. 10, Halibut. 11, Whiting. Lamprey.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

M o t O
Y e W
A s H
V e t O
I l L
A r M
R o E
Y e S

FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE REV. J B. TAYLOR.

One evening, some years ago, on a dark and stormy night, I was summoned to visit a neighbor who was supposed to be near his end. I soon made my way to the designated house, and found the room filled with friends, standing around the dying man. The physician had done all in his power to relieve the patient, and said that he could not last till day.

I took the sufferer's hand and talked to him concerning his hopes for eternity. He said that though not connected with any church, he was not afraid to die; that he had lately been converted, and was trusting in Christ. I congratulated him on being able to exercise such calm reliance in the near prospect of death, and urged on the bystanders the importance of preparation for a dying hour. After reading some appropriate passages from the Bible and offering prayer. I left the room, not expecting to see the young man alive the next morning.

That night an unlooked for and wonderful change took place, and the following morning the man was not only living but improving. He rapidly recovered, and in a short time was able to leave the sick-room. A few days after I had an opportunity for a quiet talk with him Imagine my surprise when, on my having alluded to that memorable night in his history, he expressed himself as utterly ignorant of anything that occurred on the occasion. He said that he had no remembrance of my visit; that he had never knowingly professed conversion, and that had he died, he would have had no well-grounded hope for eternity.

Reader, the explanation is that the sick man's mind wandered. He was "out of his head," and unconscious of all that occurred at the time. And yet had he passed away, I should perhaps have written to absent relatives of their dear one's triumphant death, and friends would have thought of him as "safe in heaven."

I do not mean to say that one may not be converted on a death-bed. God forbid that I should limit the grace of God and the efficacy of atoning blood when applied by the Holy Spirit, I know that whenever a sinner realizes that he has no help in himself and no refuge of his own, and looks to what Jesus has done and suffered, he will be saved. But oh, the guilt, the folly, the danger of leaving.

"To the mercies of a moment
The vast concerns of an immortal state."

And what if that "moment," that last hour or day, should be one when the brain is all disordered!—*Ill. Chris. Weekly.*

HOME-MADE TELEPHONES.

Please tell me in your question column how I can make a boy's telephone, using wire or string as the conductor of sound. As I would like to run the wire or string at angles, please tell me what I can put for supports for wire or string at the angles so as not to interfere with the passing sound. Please give full particulars in your next paper.

And oblige. A Boy.

"Full particulars" would take a great deal of room, but we gladly do a little more than answer the specific question. A bright young lad of our acquaintance rigged up a telephone which carried sound successfully a distance of some sixty feet. He took a common cigar box, bored a half inch hole in either end, and then sawed the box in two in the middle. He raised the window in his room sufficiently to allow the half box to rest between the sash and the frame, and fitted a board to fill the rest of the opening—the open end of the box being inside the window. The other half of the box was put in the same way at the other end of the line. Through the half-inch holes a fine wire was stretched tight and held in place by being tied around a nail which lay across the hole. It was, you see, a mutual benefit affair; the nail kept the wire in place and the wire kept the nail in place. There were no angles to be overcome, but my young friend thinks he could arrange it so that angles would not materially interfere. He would, as we understand it, fasten a loop of stiff wire to the post or corner of the building making the angle, and pass the telephone wire through the loop in such a way as to pull from the post and not touch it.

The same lad describes to me a telephone which is in operation from his father's house to his store; a distance of some 875 feet. At first they used one which cost about five dollars, but it was too small. They tried a larger one, which they have again replaced by one still larger. In this case there are angles to be overcome, although the path for the wire is made as straight as possible. The only insulators are loops; in the case of the small telephone the top is made of cord, in the one they now use, of stiff wire. The wire loop is bent to form a sort of catch, like that in a lady's brooch, so that the loop may be opened and the wire passed in without the trouble of drawing it through from either end. This loop of stiff wire is fastened to a pole, or other support, by fine wire. So far as appears, the effort is to keep the wire stretched taut, and prevented from lying loosely against anything.—*Christian Union.*

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down,
In a lonely mood to think;
True, he was a monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but could not succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair.
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while he pondered there,—
"I'll give it up," cried he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropped,
With its silken cobweb clue;
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slipping sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay,
To make the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower; and there it lay
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And travelled a half yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below;
But up it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Six brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," said the king, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more;
Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute:
He's only a foot from his cobweb door;
Oh, say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into the wished-for spot.

"Bravo! bravo!" the king cried out;
"All honor to those who try;
The spider up there defied despair!—
He conquered, and why should not I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And this time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, "I can't;"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly and want.

—*Child's Companion*

THE THIMBLE.

The name of this little instrument is said to have been derived from "thumbell," being at the first thumble, and afterward thimble.

It is a Dutch invention and was first brought to England about the year 1605, by John Lofting. Formerly iron and brass were used, but lately steel, silver and gold have taken their places. In the ordinary manufacture, thin plates of metal are introduced into a die, and punched into shape.

In Paris, gold thimbles are manufactured to a large extent. Thin sheets of sheet-iron are cut into dies of about two inches diameter These being heated red-hot, are struck with a punch into a number of holes, gradually increasing in depth to give them proper shape.

The thimble is then trimmed, polished and indented around its outer surface with a number of little holes, by means of a small wheel. It is then converted into steel by the cementation process, tempered, scoured and brought to a blue color.

A thin sheet of gold is then introduced into the interior and fastened to the steel by means of a polished steel mandril. Gold leaf is then applied to the outside, and attached to it by pressure, the edge being fastened to a small groove made to receive them. The thimble is then ready for use.—*Sel.*

DO NOT WADE FAR OUT into the dangerous sea of this world's comfort. Take what the good God provides you, but say of it, "It passeth away; for indeed it is but a temporary supply for a temporary need." Never suffer your goods to become your God. —*Spurgeon.*

IF AN IRREGULAR TEACHER should read this, listen while I whisper to you. You would do the greatest possible good to your class by either being regular or resigning your place at once. You will also please your superintendent by such an act, for he is hoping you will do one or the other without any hint from him.

THE GREAT R. K. R. R.

There was a wonderful stir on the big play-ground of Dr. Thwackem's school during the noon recess. Nobody was playing base-ball or foot-ball, but the running and rushing, the whooping and general racket and riot, were something uncommon.

"Who ever heard such a noise!" exclaimed Dr. Thwackem himself, putting his head out of an upper window. "What in the name of common-sense have those boys found to play at now?"

Dr. Thwackem soon discovered. It was Erasmus Jackson's new game. Erasmus Jackson was the pride of the whole Institute for the invention of new games, and this was his latest effort. Erasmus had organized the one hundred and twenty-three other boys into the Great Royal Kamtschatka Railway. Erasmus was its President, of course.

The play-ground of the Institute happened to be a pretty good-sized plot of unoccupied town ground adjoining the school. It ran clear through from street to street. Across this from corner to corner ran a double track marked out with sawdust. Along it could be seen rushing, with an appalling whooping and signaling, strings of boys, ten at a time. These were the passenger trains. Freight trains, consisting of from fifteen to twenty boys, alternated with these; they moved more slowly, but with a wonderful puffing and letting off of steam.

Every few minutes a loud hurrahing and the blasts of a certain cracked tin horn warned everything ahead upon wheels (legs) to clear the track for the Royal Moscow Lightning Express. Moscow is not in Kamtschatka, but Erasmus Jackson said that that didn't make any difference The "general office" of the company was at Moscow.

As the Doctor looked on, amused, the brakes were applied to the express with a suddenness that nearly threw it heels over head. That, however, was to avoid a collision with a freight train, and a purse of marbles was immediately made up and presented to the express engineer by the passengers, who owed their lives to his presence of mind.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Dr. Thwackem, chuckling, "it's truly quite shocking to think of so narrow an escape."

All at once a new idea entered the good Doctor's white head. He looked down to the southeast corner of the play-ground; there was located Timbuctoo, the other terminus of the railway Timbuctoo isn't in Kamtschatka any more that Moscow, but Erasmus Jackson said that it sounded just as well as if it was.

The Doctor looked to see if close to its imaginary towers lay a great pile of cut cord-wood. Yes, there it was; just as somebody had thrown it from a waggon.

"I've a good piece of mind to suggest it," said the Doctor to the sparrows chattering on a bough close by. "It won't hurt their fun. It'll do them good, and her good."

He pulled his head inside the window, and left the sparrows to chatter. Taking his hat, he walked down stairs, and out upon the steps.

OUTLINE DRAWING LESSON.—THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.

"Boys! boys!" he called in his kind, clear old voice.

The Royal Kamtschatka Railway rolling stock resolved itself quickly into a circling group of one hundred and twenty-four boys, closing around the Doctor on the steps.

The Doctor's eye twinkled. He made a low bow.

"I should perhaps have said Mr. President, Stockholders, and Officers of the what—what is it?"

"Great Royal Kamtschatka Railway." came the deafening answer.

"Thank you," responded the Doctor, slipping politely out of the necessity of repeating the rather long name of the company. He continued: "On observing your splendid system of road management, a thought has occurred to me. I wish to respectfully submit it to you, Do you see that red cottage, which nobody lives in, down by your flourishing city of Timbuctoo? Good. And now will you kindly turn and perceive that other red cottage, rather larger, not many yards from your noble railway depot of Moscow? You will notice that they are just diagonally across from each other. Very well. Our old acquaintance Widow Pitcher, who sweeps our school-room so thoroughly for us, bought two cords of hickory from Farmer Mee yesterday, and told his boy to dump them at her red cottage on the left side of the school play-ground upon Spring Street. What did Farmer Mee's boy do but come to town early this morning, and dump every stick of the hickory alongside the red cottage to the right side—Summer Street. Poor Mrs. Pitcher woke up, and looked across to the other sidewalk, and there it was. She told me before school-time that she didn't know how in the world she was going to get all that wood over to her yard, where it ought to be. Don't you think that the freight trains of the—Royal Kamtschatka Railway could solve her difficulty for her, especially if I should give them half an hour's extra recess to accomplish it?"

Instantly the whole throng of Institute boys might have been discovered rushing across the broad play-ground to Timbuctoo, which became at once the great freight centre of the G. R. K. R. R. Erasmus Jackson, Guy Merrill, and Lee Holmes laid aside loftier dignities, and became hard-worked freight dispatchers.

"Three cheers for the Royal Road!" shouted out some one, as the first freight train, each boy carrying half a dozen thick hickory billets, set out for Moscow. All passenger trains went off for the day. Line after line laden with the misdelivered wood steamed off hot and fast for the distant back fence, where their burden was tumbled over into Mrs. Pitcher's yard. The hooting, switching, whistling, and calling grew so loud that the passing towns-people halted before the boundaries of the Institute play-ground, and asked each other "if Dr. Thwackem was deaf."

As he was leaning composedly out of the upper window, laughing to himself at the quick work the railway was making with their job, and commenting upon it to the sparrows, it is to be supposed he countenanced the racket.

The last stick was finally tossed over into Mrs. Pitcher's domain. The last Great Royal freight train disjointed itself in the middle of the play-ground. The boys came thronging up the narrow staircases, laughing and chaffing, and not without secret pleasure at having accomplished a kindly act even in play.

The Doctor stood up as they resumed their seats. He looked around and down upon them with an eye whose moisture gave a hint at his pride in them.

"Mr President, Stockholders, Directors, Engines, and Cars of the Great Royal Tim—Kamtschatka Railway, I thank you. You have turned sport into a generous deed, and are only twenty minutes over the usual recess hour. Again I thank you—Now, boys, to books." And to books they went.

When the Franklin Institute came together the next morning there, printed in huge uneven letters upon the blackboard, in front of which stood Mr. Thwackem, the boys read.

"MRS PiTcheRS tHanKS and GoD BleSS tHE——Rale RoDe."

Its name had evidently been too much for Mrs. Pitcher's educational resources. — *Harpers' Young People.*

The Family Circle.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

Come boys, I have something to tell you,
Come near, I would whisper it low,
You are thinking of leaving the homestead
Don't be in a hurry to go!
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins,
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of the Black Hills,
They've wealth in gold without doubt,
But ah! there is gold on the farm boys
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile trade is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low;
Better stick to the farm a while longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great, busy West has inducements
And so has the busiest mart,
But wealth is not made in a day boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start.
The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
They take in their million or so,
Ah! think of the fraud and deception.
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to-day,
You're free as the air of the mountain
And "monarch of all you survey."
Better stay on the farm a while longer
Though profits come in rather slow,
Remember you've nothing to risk boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
—*Farm Journal.*

AMY'S PROBATION.

By the Author of "Glaucia," &c.

CHAPTER X.—A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES.

Amy was left some hours to ponder over what she had heard, and what her own punishment would probably be. She would certainly be deprived of all participation in the forthcoming festivities, for the drama was to be followed by a feast and a general relaxation of the rules touching silence and separation of the classes during recreation time.

It seemed that the authorities were in some doubt as to what the character of her punishment ought to be, for, after sitting several hours in darkness, the Spiritual Mother at last came to release her, saying that for the present she was to hold no conversation with either her sister or her cousin.

She found that this rule was to be strictly enforced on all occasions, and during the whole Christmas holidays, but beyond this she did not hear of any further punishment. The sisters, doubtless, judged this would be as severe a chastisement to Amy as they could well inflict; and, in truth, no more severe one could be found just now. By dint of watching Florie closely she saw for herself that her sister bowed as reverently and paused as long before the statue of the Virgin in the corridor as the most devout Catholic girl in the school, and a whisper also reached her that she was going to confession before partaking of the sacrament of the Romish mass on Christmas-day.

To hear this and not be allowed to speak a word of caution or warning was almost agony to poor Amy, and no keener suffering could be devised than this that the sisters were thus able to inflict, while all the time they were reminding her of the great clemency and tenderness with which she was treated.

Everybody but Amy was as busy as possible just now, preparing for the forthcoming *fete*, and the bustle and excitement grew every day in its intensity, and numerous little rivalries sprang up among the girls as to the parts they were to take—rivalries by no means healthy in their development, for envy and jealousy of each other on one side, and overbearing triumph on the other, seemed to be the outcome of it all, except in the case of a few careless, good-natured girls, like Milly, who laughed and joked about the most sacred things, and seemed to lose all reverence for religion and truth together.

At last the day came, and when every thing in the nuns' refectory had been prepared, Amy was admitted, with the general visitors from outside, to see the show.

"How beautiful! How lovely! What a sweet face she has!" greeted her ears on every side as the curtain slowly rose and revealed the impromptu stable, with Florie sitting by the side of the manger, nursing the doll there had been so much bickering over. Amy could not but admit that the whole was very pretty, and Florie certainly made a lovely Virgin. Her sweet, pensive face and downcast look at the waxen baby in her lap were all that they should be. Presently music was heard in the distance, and then a train of shepherds appeared, singing as they came a hymn beginning

"Hail, Queen of heaven, the ocean star,
Guide of the wanderer here below,"

Amy heard afterward that this hymn had been chosen as a fitting reminder to Augusta of the debt she owed the Virgin as "Star of the sea," for delivering her parents from the perils of shipwreck. When this and several other hymns had been sung in honor of the Virgin, another train appeared, gorgeous in dress, and bearing costly gifts, which they laid at the feet of the Virgin, and which she received with the condescending air of an empress. Her usually sweet, gentle face wore a look of triumph more than once, as a girl who had loudly declared she would not bow her knees dropped humbly before her, depositing her gifts at her feet, but, rising, cast a glance of angry contempt at her; for many a Catholic girl felt her place had been usurped by this Protestant new-comer. Music and singing and the presentation of gifts, in which last performance all the audience were invited to participate, and which many of them responded to with a liberality that astonished Amy, at last came to an end. The play was over, and the actors retired to put away their dresses; but they did not put away the feelings of envy and jealousy that burned the more fiercely for being repressed and kept out of sight and knowledge of the authorities as much as possible.

Amy, who had taken no part in the affair, and, therefore, could afford to be quite neutral, Amy heard a good many complaints on both sides. Some complained to her of Florie, that she was playing the hypocrite that she might gain the favor of the nuns; while others said that Milly had been elevated to a position she ought not to occupy, for she cared nothing for the mysteries of their holy religion, and laughed at everything sacred whenever she had the opportunity.

Amy felt almost desperate sometimes, seeing and hearing what she did, and yet knowing she was powerless to prevent it, even to speak a word to check either her sister or cousin in the divergent paths this Romish system had driven each of them into. At last she took comfort in the thought that when the new scholars arrived some friend would be with them, and Amy resolved to brave all the consequences of such a bold step, and appeal to them—privately if she had the opportunity, but publicly if no other chance presented itself. Sometimes she had thought of writing a letter and throwing it over the wall of the convent garden when they went to walk there as they did sometimes. But, after talking to Miss Carey about the inhabitants of the village, that she might discover, if possible, whether any one was likely to befriend her by posting the letter, she heard, to her dismay, that the village and some miles beyond were owned by this Jesuit community, and the people living close at hand were either devoted to their service, or such stanch Roman Catholics that any letter so found would at once be taken to the convent authorities.

Hearing this made Amy almost despair of any help reaching them, for although she had a half-formed plan of escape in her mind, the fact of everybody outside being in league with the convent authorities greatly lessened her chances of success, and so she began to cling to this last hope of seeing these strangers, as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

Whether she would have carried out her project or not, or whether her courage would have failed at the last moment, is uncertain, but the nuns certainly judged that such a malcontent as Amy was better kept out of the way while these visitors were about, and so, before it was known among the girls that the new-comers had arrived, Amy was sent for to the Spiritual Mother's room, and, without a word of explanation, the door was locked, and she was left to wonder what this extraordinary step might mean. She understood it only too well when she was allowed to return to the school-room an hour or two later, for Milly was chatting away with these strange girls, and Amy knew that the chance upon which she had rested so many hopes had gone by forever.

The new-comers were all about Milly's age, and former school-fellows with her and Augusta; and it was the account given by Augusta, and the favorable reports contained in Milly's letters since, that had induced their parents to send them.

Milly laughed a little bitterly when she heard this. "We have to write to order here, you know," she said.

"Write to order?" repeated one of her friends.

"Yes, you'll find out what that is; every thing is done by rule here, and if anybody dares to rebel—" Milly shrugged her shoulders suggestively.

"Are they very cruel to you?" asked one of the girls.

"Well, I should call it cruel; but there isn't a single thing you really can lay hold of as a complaint. They don't beat you, nor starve you, nor—but there, just you fall into their ways and take things easy, and times aint so bad here after all."

"And you really do learn well?" asked one.

"O yes, if you only like to try. Music they teach splendidly—if, as I tell you, you don't offend them."

"O, very well, we'll try not to do that," laughed one. But they found it just as hard to conform to the rules at first as Milly had, and wondered how it could be that high-spirited, careless, easy-going Milly Curtis could be broken into such harness. But they were just as much astonished at the change that had already begun to make itself evident in her character. Before, she had been known as a remarkably outspoken, truthful girl—too outspoken, for some of her friends sometimes—but this facile way of talking had degenerated into deception now, for if a lay sister came near when they were talking about a prohibited subject, she could in a moment say something quite different from that under discussion, and then appeal to the sister for a confirmation of what she was saying, or ask some question about it in a way that quite bewildered those unaccustomed to this double dealing.

Milly heartily enjoyed the mystification of her newly arrived friends over this recent accomplishment, and when one of them ventured to speak seriously about the sacrifice of truth it involved, she justified herself at once, exclaiming, "My dear, you will do the same thing in three months. We are all adepts at it; in fact, we could not live at all without doing it."

"O Milly! I cannot think all these girls are so untruthful—deceitful I call it."

"Well, there's one girl, my cousin Amy, who won't conform to the ways here, as the rest of us do; but pray don't follow her example, for it makes my heart ache to see her. I couldn't endure the burden of two martyrs on my heart."

Of course, hearing that Amy was a cousin, they at once wanted to be introduced; but the nuns had resolved that this should not be. For Amy to receive open sympathy from these in her obstinate ways, would be to confirm her in them, and strengthen the resistance that these were sure to make at first to the rules and regulations of the place. So the lay sister on guard at once told them that Amy was in disgrace, when they were about to speak to her; but Florie was allowed to come and chat with them, and her cousin, too.

"What is the matter with Amy? Sister Ann says she is in disgrace," whispered Florie.

"Well, you don't believe it, do you? Why, Florie, you must be a goose if you believe every excuse the sisters make about different things. Poor, dear Amy! She is the best girl in the school; she keeps their hateful rules most conscientiously, and wouldn't tell a fib for anything, and yet they make her miserable."

"She makes herself miserable," said Florie, "and is envious, I believe, because we are not."

"That is one of Esther Gladding's tales. Florie, if you were not the greatest goose that ever existed without feathers you never would prefer that mean, cringing, artful girl to your sister Amy."

"Milly, how can you say such things about Miss Gladding!" exclaimed Florie loftily.

"Because I know they are true. The Raven comes the same game with me sometimes, but it won't do. I can see through all their mean little tricks, and don't mean to be taken in by any of them."

"For shame, Milly! it is because you are so very untruthful yourself that you think others are deceitful too," and Florie walked back to her dear friend and room-mate, who had gained such an ascendency over her mind.

There would have to be another division among the girls now, to provide the three new-comers with suitable room-mates, and Amy half hoped that she might be sent to Florie's room, or Florie to hers. She even ventured to speak to the Spiritual Mother and Sister Ursula about this, but she was told that the exchanges had already been arranged, and she found that Milly's companion, Miss Raven, had been directed to make herself agreeable to one, while two other Catholic girls went with the others.

Of course there was the same dissatisfaction and incipient rebellion at first, the same grumbling complaint made about the unreasonable rule of silence and the being separated from companions and friends; and for a few days and the first Sunday Amy had company in the corridor outside the chapel, and she began to hope that these new-comers would remain firm in their loyalty to their convictions of what was true in religion, for they loudly declared that they did not believe in prayers to the Virgin and saints, or in mass and confession.

But, alas for their consistency! Two hours standing broke down their courage, and Milly's account of the music and singing when they were allowed to meet in the afternoon scattered all their objections, and the following Sunday saw Amy again alone in the corridor.

Poor Amy! heart and courage were well-nigh failing her, for it seemed that God would never answer her prayers. She had formed the habit now, lacking all other opportunity, of engaging in silent prayer, walking or standing in perfect silence, as they often did. This had grown to be the habit of her life now, and no sooner was an occupation dropped, and her thoughts free, but they sprang, as with a bound of relief to meet her Father in heaven, and strength was sought and found, and patience given to endure as seeing Him who is invisible.

"My grace is sufficient for thee," Amy proved again and again; but it was not for grace alone that she prayed, but for release from this house of bondage. Every week that passed did but rivet the chains of Romanism more tightly about her sister, while as to her cousin, the growing levity she displayed about anything sacred was scarcely less dangerous. Surely a way of escape would be opened for them before the end of their year—surely God would hear and answer her prayers, and enable her to send a word of warning to the friends of Augusta Crane not to trust their only son to the guidance and teaching of these Jesuit fathers.

Poor Augusta was looking very unhappy herself now. Amy had seen her several times since she had overheard the conversation in the Spiritual Mother's room, and, looking at her closely, she could see that a troubled, anxious look had taken the place of the calm self-satisfaction that usually shone in her face; and possessing, as she did, the secret clue to this, she pitied and prayed for her very often—prayed that God would enlighten her mind with his truth, and save her brother from being exposed to the danger so many found it impossible to resist.

But, of course, all this was a secret Amy kept securely locked in her own breast. What she had overheard in the Spiritual Mother's room was a dangerous secret, she knew, and not even to Milly would she whisper a syllable of it. She often wished she had not heard it herself, for it had filled her with a vague terror of the knowledge and power of the sisterhood, which she feared they would use, if they could, with little regard to right or wrong; for this was the doctrine constantly instilled into them: that right was to obey the commands of the Church given by the voice of her appointed priests and ministers, in all things; and wrong was to disobey these commands—to prefer the voice of conscience, or the word of God,

if the thing commanded militated against them.

The girls often complained now that Amy cared very little for recreation time, or the pleasure of hearing her own voice; that she was growing silent and as disagreeable as Sister Ursula herself; and there certainly was some ground for the complaint. No young person could live such a life as Amy's without its affecting her character, and, unconscious as she was of it herself, she was growing taciturn and unsociable—preferring her own grave, serious thoughts to her companions' lively chatter. She was still kind and loving to Florie whenever she had the opportunity, but this was only on Sunday, and Miss Gladding was always with them to prevent too much being said about Florie's change of faith, for it was no secret in the school now that Florie Curtis was a devout Roman Catholic, and fully intended to become a nun when she was old enough to take the vows.

(To be Continued.)

LIZZIE'S CHOICE; OR, FAITHFUL IN A SMALL THING.

"Well, Lizzie dear, I'll not say 'yes' nor 'no,' it's high time you should know what's right yourself. I've always held that when a girl, or boy either, is grown up, it's no use downright crossing them; if they haven't got the right backbone by that time no orders won't keep 'em straight, so do what you like."

The girl to whom this was said had been standing with her back to the speaker, but after a moment's thought she turned round from the window, and, clearing her face of the shadow which it had borne, she said brightly—

"I'll not go, mother. I don't rightly know how I could think of it."

"Who asked you?"

"Well, Alice Jones, leastways Harry and she were going, so they both said would I come. I didn't give any answer then, and he said he'd call round at seven—it's nearly that now."

Then she turned again to the window, and shortly after her mother left the room, nothing more being said.

As the clock struck seven there came a hasty rap at the door.

"Are you ready, Lizzie?"

"No, Harry, I'm not going to-night," was the girl's answer, coming forward. The young man's face fell.

"Won't you, though? do now, it'll be such fun, and Alice wants you;" it was quite evident that some one else wanted her, too. "Why won't you?" he went on. She had not an answer ready to that question:—

"I don't think mother want's me to go over much," she said doubtfully. "Anyway, I don't feel like it, thank you all the same for asking me. Tell Alice I'm sorry I can't come."

"Well, I mustn't stay now, they're waiting for me, Alice and Lil Goss," he answered in a vexed tone, "good night," and off he went.

Poor Lizzie felt deserted and lonely. After all, why shouldn't she have gone? Where would have been the harm of a little dance at the "Rooms," of joining her friends and having a merry evening, instead of being left out in the cold as she was? By her own will truly, but she felt it none the less for that! Then Lily Goss was going, and though she knew well that, had she herself been by, Harry would have had eyes for no one else, yet in her absence Lily was a bright and amusing, if somewhat pert and saucy, girl. Who could tell if this little coldness, for Harry was evidently put out, might not be the beginning of a drifting apart which should end in separating them altogether! The tears rose to her eyes and for a few minutes she felt very downcast and wretched. But presently better thoughts came. After all, though she couldn't exactly put her reasons into words, she felt quite sure, nevertheless, that she had been right in refusing to go to the dancing-rooms. "I couldn't say it to him," she thought, "but I know it's no good that girls get by going to such-like places. He couldn't respect me if I did it, though he asked me to go, and if I'd done it once it would have been ever so much harder to say 'no' the next time," and with the inward glow of satisfaction in the knowledge of having acted rightly, and in the approval she read on her mother's quiet face, she need not have envied the pleasure of those whom she had, with some self denial, refused to accompany. If it was with a rather saddened feeling, at least it was with a quiet heart and easy conscience, that she knelt down that night, and while she thanked God for having given her strength to stand against what she felt had been a temptation, she also asked Him to keep her from pride and self-glory.

"So you thought yourself too good to come with us last night," was the greeting she received as Lily Goss overtook her next morning on their way to work, for they were both employed at the same mill.

"Oh, Lily, don't say that, it wasn't that indeed, but—but—" and again she hesitated for words.

"Oh, well, that's what we all said, and Harry Jones—he's a downright good 'un, he is, for fun—he said as how you and your mother was a bit too saintly for such as we," and with a coarse laugh she departed to her end of the room, they having by this time entered the mill, only just escaping being marked late, for last night's revel had caused the one to oversleep herself in the morning, and Lizzie had been accidentally detained until there was barely time for the walk.

She felt very sore at Lily's words; what if they were true after all, and she had only made them think her stuck up and strait-laced! "Well, it's better now than later if he does," she said to herself, but it was poor comfort; still, in spite of the cloud, she felt she would have done the same again, so surely did her inner consciousness tell her that she had taken the right path.

Mrs. Jones, as she returned from her shopping that same morning, found occasion to drop in at Mrs. Wilson's, who having finished her morning's work and made her preparations for the simple dinner, was busy sewing.

"So I hear as how you didn't let Lizzie go to the workmen's dance last night," Mrs. Jones began, after the first salutations had passed and she had deposited herself on a chair, her basket on the ground, and her bonnet strings untied in readiness for a chat. Mrs. Wilson did not look up from her work as she answered quietly—

"Indeed then, Mrs. Jones, I didn't say neither 'yes' nor 'no,' she made her own choice about it."

"Now don't 'ee tell me that," exclaimed the other with emphasis, "ye'll never mean to say that it was her own work, staying home here out of the fun and all that, it's not nateral, it's not in flesh and blood—leastways young blood—not to be a-running after a bit of pleasure."

"It's true, what I tell you, though," answered Mrs. Wilson, still busily working, "you see, neighbor Jones, I always did hold that it's not the saying 'You shan't do this,' and 'You shan't do that,' which keeps a girl straight, much more when it comes to boys. 'Tis whether they've the right mind in them to choose between the good and evil, and so I've tried to bring up my Lizzie."

"But suppose she'd have gone and you not a wishing it?" put in Mrs. Jones, evidently a little puzzled at this new idea.

"Well, I won't say I shouldn't have been a bit disappointed, but I'd have hoped better things for the next time. So long ago as she could have a scrap of mind of her own, she'd say to me, 'May I do this, or may I do that, mother?' Most times I've answered, 'Well, Lizzie girl, it's the right thing to do? because that comes first, never mind whether it's pleasant or handy—first, always, is't what's right?' and you may depend on't neighbor Jones," in her earnestness she dropped her work, "you may depend on it, 'tis the only safe track to set them on. I've never seen it fail where it's tried, though I've known many a one, from godly homes too, who's gone clean wrong just for the reason that it's all too fast and firm; they take the wrong road because the other's chosen for them, instead of their having the choice themselves."

"But what if they're for taking the wrong one? I'm thinking your plan wouldn't answer with many," replied Mrs. Jones doubtfully, "it's my opinion their choice mostly is the wrong one."

"Ah! but that's often our fault, neighbor. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' 'twas a wiser than we said them words. 'Tis the bringing up is in fault. I'm thinking if our children see that what's right is the rule of our lives, they'll follow never fear, it'll not be their first nature maybe, but by God's help it will be second nature, and that's stronger than the old one, I'll be bound. Only you see, neighbor Jones, 'tis little use our whispering with words that we contradict out loud in our practising."

"Well, maybe you're right, leastways, I know it would be a sight better world if others'd think as you; it fair beats me, it do, to see what the world's comin' to, it's nothin' but sight seein', and pleasurin', and wastin' their money, and little 'tis we see of duty to God nor man, 'specially to parents, and that's the first command with promise I've heard," and with that Mrs. Jones rose to go.

"You ought not to talk like that with such a son as your Harry," said Mrs. Wilson warmly, with a sigh for her own absent sailor boy, who, bent on following his father's calling, had left his home with a mother's blessing. Had he known what it cost her to let him go he would never have departed, but she would never tell him.

"That's true, and it warn't him at all I was meanin', it was Alice, and more 'specially Joe, he's not what he should be by a long way; I don't know what'll be the end of't."

"You must hope for the best, he's but young, and he's a warm hearted lad, and has a sight of love for you." With these words of comfort she said good-bye.

That evening Harry Jones sought out Lizzie as they left work. "Will you take a stroll this evening, Lizzie?" he asked, "maybe ye won't say nay to that, as ye did to what I asked you last night."

"Yes, I'll come," and after tea and a sprucing up, Harry proceeded down the street to meet her.

It need not be denied that Lizzie also had spent some minutes before her glass. They were a comely pair as they took their way out of town; she, a fair-haired, brown-eyed maiden, dressed simply yet freshly in a dress of dark gray and a white straw hat with blue ribbons, but neither flowers nor feathers; with an earnest, yet by no means dull expression on her face, for the eyes could light up with a merry twinkle, and the corners of the mouth droop mischievously, and the lips could prattle merrily as well as wisely—he, strong-built and brawny, darker than she, but with blue, honest eyes, which looked down on his companion with no dissatisfied expression.

We will not give their conversation in full; suffice it to say that when they returned that evening in the witching twilight, Lizzie's hand was resting confidingly on Harry's arm, and she had had the happiness of hearing from his lips, after some faltering but earnest explanations of her refusal to join their party the night before, not only that it had been no cause of alienation, but rather that it had drawn him closer to her; he wisely thinking that a girl who was true to her principles in one thing was to be trusted in others.

And now that for some time they have been man and wife, she has the deep joy of knowing that her stand for what she felt to be right, at the expense of a gratification which could have been only momentary, was one of the cords to draw him whom she loves to look at many things in a different light. And having been the means of awakening a deeper reflection on this and many things, she has good hopes that very soon he will not be content with giving up his doubtful pleasures alone, but will also, in other matters, take a decided stand for what is right, and wise, and pure, and will enter the lists to strive to win others over to the same side. May God help him in this endeavor, and strengthen all those who do the same high and noble work.—*British Workwoman.*

GOING TO CHURCH.

The *Intelligencer* raises the question as to why so many go to church and come away so little refreshed in spirit; so little stimulated to greater consecration:

Probably in many households the hours before church are hurried, tumultuous, and undevout. The family rises late and breakfast is tardy. The children are harassed about shoes, gloves, and lost or mislaid articles of dress. The parents have not fully recovered from the fatigue of the business or pleasure on Saturday night. The first bell peals out its summons before anybody feels ready to hear it, and the progress to the place of prayer is a scramble to arrive before the opening anthem shall have been concluded. Dr. Arnot of Scotland used to beg his people to spend the hour before coming to church in reading, meditation and prayer. If it were the habit of our congregations thus prepared in heart to go to the sanctuary, how different might be the impressions made on them by sermons and public prayers. Had every disciple made the pastor, the week long, the subject of reverent, anxious, earnest prayer, would not the pastor enter the pulpit clothed upon with power from on high, and would not the benediction return with tenfold largeness on the worshippers themselves?

In the town of Lisieux, France, where there were only seven Protestants, the pastor earnestly prayed that the Lord would send any one "a child even," to help him. Two English ladies were soon after travelling through the town, and announced a woman's meeting, which was crowded with eager listeners. Lord Radstock then went there, took a room in a factory, and preached to audiences which numbered 300 on week-days, and 600 on the Sabbath. The people carried away copies of the Gospels and tracts to read at home and seemed deeply interested.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Question Corner.—No. 10.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor Northern Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

109. Which tribe of the Israelites had no tract of land allotted to them when they entered Palestine?
110. Who commanded the army of Absalom during his rebellion against David?
111. What transgression is never imputed to the Jews after the Babylonian captivity?
112. How many of the children of Israel were put to death for worshipping the golden calf?
113. By whom were they put to death?
114. Who was the father of Hophni and Phineas?
115. Name three times at which the children of Israel were numbered?
116. What was the result of David numbering the people of Israel?
117. At what place was the destroying angel stayed?
118. What did David erect on this spot?
119. What was done with this spot after the time of David?
120. By what other name was the city of Jericho called?

MOSAICS.

Love not the world.

She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hand.

Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God.

Wo unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him.

I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth.

To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Therefore we were comforted in your comfort.

Keep yourselves in the love of God.

For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.

Quench not the Spirit.

Therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.

I am that bread of life.

Unto the pure all things are pure.

Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ.

Find another passage from the Bible by taking one word from each one of these, then tell where it may be found; also where each one is found.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 8.

85. Syria.
86. Naaman. 2 Kings v. 1.
87. To Elisha. 2 Kings v. 9.
88. The little captive maid from Israel told his wife. 2 Kings v. 2, 3.
89. By washing seven times in the Jordan. 2 Kings v. 10, 14.
90. The book of Jonah.
91. Psalm cxix.
92. Assyria.
93. Elisha's. 2 Kings vi. 18.
94. That against the Ammonites who were besieging Jabesh-gilead. 1 Sam. xi.
95. Twelve years old. Mark v. 42.
96. "This is Jesus the king of the Jews" written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. Luke xxiii. 38.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. P-rison.....Acts xvi. 23-35.
2. A-thens.....Acts xvii. 16, 23.
3. U-proar.....Acts xix. 23-41.
4. L-uke.....2 Tim. iv. 11.

—Paul.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 7.—Annie D. Burr, 11; Alexander George Burr, 11; Clare E. Folsom, 10; Ruth Disher, 7.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X.

June 4, 1882.] [Mark 9:2-13.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 5-8.

2. And after six days Jesus taketh with him Peter, and James, and John, and leadeth them up into an high mountain apart by themselves: and he was transfigured before them.

3. And his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them.

4. And there appeared unto them Elias with Moses: and they were talking with Jesus.

5. And Peter answered and said to Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.

6. For he wist not what to say; for they were sore afraid.

7. And there was a cloud that overshadowed them: and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him.

8. And suddenly, when they had looked round about, they saw no man any more, save Jesus only with themselves.

9. And as they came down from the mountain, he charged them that they should tell no man what things they had seen, till the Son of man were risen from the dead.

10. And they kept that saying with themselves, questioning one with another what the rising from the dead should mean.

11. And they asked him, saying, Why say the scribes that Elias must first come?

12. And he answered and told them, Elias verily cometh first, and restoreth all things; and how it is written of the Son of man, that he must suffer many things, and be set at naught.

13. But I say unto you, That Elias is indeed come, and they have done unto him whatsoever they listed, as it is written of him.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And lo a voice from heaven saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."—MATT. 3:17.

TOPIC.—The Glory of the Divine Son.

LESSON PLAN.—1. GLORY MANIFESTED. 2. HEAVENLY VISITANTS. 3. THE FATHER'S WITNESS. 4. THE DISCIPLES' QUESTION.

Time.—Summer, A.D. 29. Place.—Mount Hermon, near Cæsarea Philippi.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—There is an interval of only a week between the events of this lesson and those of the last. None of the evangelists tell us anything about our Lord's doings during that time. A tradition dating back to the fourth century makes Tabor the mountain of the Transfiguration, but it is now believed that Mount Hermon, in the neighborhood of Cæsarea Philippi, was the scene of this wonderful event.

I. GLORY MANIFESTED.—(2, 3.) V. 2. SIX DAYS—from the conversation recorded in the last chapter. PETER, AND JAMES, AND JOHN—the witnesses of the raising to life of the ruler's daughter (Mark 5:37), and afterward of our Lord's agony in Gethsemane. Mark 26:37. TRANSFIGURED—changed in appearance. (See 2 Cor. 3:18 where the same Greek word is translated "changed." In Rom. 12:2 it is translated "transmed." BEFORE THEM—at the same time. Peter mentions it (2 Pet. 1:16-18), and John alludes to it. John 1:14. The change took place while he was praying (Luke 9:29), and probably at night. V. 3. HIS RAIMENT BECAME SHINING—compare the parallel passages in Matthew and Luke.

II. HEAVENLY VISITANTS.—(4-8.) V. 4. ELIAS WITH MOSES—Moses represented the Law and Elijah the Prophets. TALKING WITH JESUS—We learn the subject of their conversation in Luke 9:31. V. 5. IT IS GOOD FOR US TO BE HERE—to stay here, and not go down again. TABERNACLES—tents, booths, as resting-places. V. 6. HE WIST NOT—did not know. Luke says that Peter spoke "not knowing what he said." He was confused by the wonderful glory.

III. THE FATHER'S WITNESS.—(7, 8.) V. 7. A CLOUD—Matthew says "a bright cloud"—the ancient symbol of the glory of God, the Shekinah. OVERSHADOWED THEM—our Lord, Moses and Elijah. God now drew near in the cloud to bear witness to his eternal Son. A VOICE—the voice of God. (Compare Matt. 3:17; John 12:28; see also 2 Pet. 1:17.) MY BELOVED SON—the testimony of the Father to the Son as the promised Messiah. HEAR HIM—before, they were hearers of Moses and the prophets; now, Christ was to be their Lawgiver and Teacher, and they were to listen to him. Heb. 1:1, 2. V. 8. SAVE JESUS ONLY—the cloud and the heavenly visitants had gone, and Jesus appeared in his usual form.

IV. THE DISCIPLES' QUESTION.—(9-13.) V. 9. TELL NO MAN—it was too soon to tell it. RISE FROM THE DEAD—this would prove him to be the Son of God. V. 11. WHY, SAY THE SCRIBES—if Elijah must come before the Messiah, how is it that his coming has just now taken place, after even the Messiah is already with us? They thought the appearance of Elijah which they had just witnessed was the coming foretold by Malachi. V. 12. ELIAS COMETH FIRST—what the scribes have taught on this subject is true. HOW IT IS WRITTEN—he is nearing the cross, and he brings the thought of it close to his disciples. V. 13. ELIAS IS INDEED COME—he came before me. THEY HAVE DONE—instead of receiving and believing his message, they have rejected him. He has suffered even to death, as I, the Messiah, must also suffer. Words so plain could not be misunderstood. They saw that he spoke of John the Baptist. Matt. 17:13.

TEACHINGS:

1. Jesus had in himself all the glory and majesty of God.

2. That glory was veiled by his humanity, but it shines out now in heaven.

3. The law and the prophets testify of Christ, and are fulfilled in him.

4. Jesus only can take away our sins and fears and give us peace and joy.

5 All the friends of Jesus shall one day see him in full glory.

6. Those who hear him now shall be like him then.

7. The glory of Christ is the pledge and pattern of the glory of his people. 1 John 3:2.

8. God strengthens the faith of his people before trials come.

REMEMBER that Jesus is very glorious, that we ought to be very reverent when we are in his presence, that we should worship him, and that we shall be like him some day if we are his faithful disciples.

LESSON XI.

June 11, 1882.] [Mark 9:14-32

THE AFFLICTED CHILD.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 21-24.

14. And when he came to his disciples, he saw a great multitude about them, and the scribes questioning with them.

15 And straightway all the people, when they beheld him, were greatly amazed, and running to him saluted him.

16. And he asked the scribes, What question ye with them?

17. And one of the multitude answered and said, Master, I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit;

18. And wheresoever he taketh him, he teareth him: and he foameth, and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away: and I spake to thy disciples that they should cast him out; and they could not.

19. He answereth him, and saith, O faithless generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? bring him unto me.

20. And they brought him unto him: and when he saw him, straightway the spirit tare him; and he fell on the ground, and wallowed foaming.

21. And he asked his father, How long is it ago since this came unto him? And he said, Of a child.

22. And oftimes it hath cast him into the fire, and into the waters, to destroy him: but if thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us.

23. Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.

24. And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.

25. When Jesus saw that the people came running together, he rebuked the foul spirit, saying unto him, Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him, and enter no more into him.

26. And the spirit cried, and rent him sore, and came out of him: and he was as one dead; insomuch that many said, He is dead.

27. But Jesus took him by the hand, and lifted him up; and he arose.

28. And when he was come into the house, his disciples asked him privately, Why could not we cast him out?

29. And he said unto them, This kind can come forth by nothing, but by prayer and fasting.

30. And they departed thence, and passed through Galilee; and he would not that any man should know it.

31. For he taught his disciples, and said unto them, The Son of man is delivered into the hands of men, and they shall kill him; and after that he is killed, he shall rise the third day.

32. But they understood not that saying, and were afraid to ask him.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"All things are possible to him that believeth."—MARK 9:23.

TOPIC.—The Failure of Unbelief.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE BAFFLED DISCIPLES. 2. THE DISCOURAGED FATHER. 3. THE POWER OF FAITH. 4. THE CROSS UNVEILED.

Time.—Summer, A.D. 29. Place.—In the neighborhood of Cæsarea Philippi.—Galilee.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—While Jesus and the three chosen apostles were in the mount, the rest of the disciples remained in some place at its foot. In the meantime a crowd gathered around them, in the crowd there was a man who had brought his lunatic son to be healed. In the absence of Jesus the scribes drew near to the disciples, but they could not heal him. Certain scribes who were present took occasion from their ill-success to question them, plainly with an evil intent. While they were disputing, Jesus came. In answer to the father's prayers he healed the child, after a severe rebuke of the general unbelief.

I. THE BAFFLED DISCIPLES.—(14-18.) V. 14. QUESTIONING WITH THEM—probably tantalizing them because they could not cast out the evil spirit. V. 15. GREATLY AMAZED—he came suddenly and expectedly, and there may have been in his appearance traces of the glory of the mount. V. 17. MY SON—Luke says he was an only child. DUMB SPIRIT—one that caused deafness, dumbness and convulsions.

II. THE DISCOURAGED FATHER.—(19-22.) V. 19. HOW LONG—this rebuke was meant for the scribes, and also for the disciples, who for want of faith were unable to perform a cure. V. 20. STRAIGHTWAY—the demon's wrath was greatly increased by Jesus' power. V. 21. IT WAS HIS FATHER—to strengthen his faith. V. 22. IF THOU CANST—he felt his need, but he was discouraged by the failure of the disciples.

III. THE POWER OF FAITH.—(23-29.) V. 23 IF THOU CANST BELIEVE—Jesus sets one if against the other: it is not a question of my power, but of your faith. V. 24. LORD, I BELIEVE—in there, and in thy power to cure. HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF—cast it out and help me to believe fully. V. 25. Jesus now commanded the spirit to come out of the boy. A wild cry and a fearful convulsion followed, and then the boy lay as one dead. But Jesus took him by the hand, and restored him to his father calm and cured. V. 28. WHY COULD WE NOT—the answer is given more fully in Matt. 17:20: "Because of your unbelief" etc. V. 29. THIS KIND—evil spirits in general.

IV. THE CROSS UNVEILED.—(30-32.) Jesus now passed through Galilee, avoiding public attention as far as possible, and devoting himself to the instruction of his disciples. He repeated the prediction concerning his death and resurrection, but they did not understand him.

TEACHINGS:

1. Parents should bring their children to Jesus in faith.

2. The prayers of parents are a very precious legacy.

3. Want of faith prevents our receiving blessing which Christ is ready to give.

4. We should pray for an increase of faith.

5. The faith of a parent may save a child.

REMEMBER that there are evil things in every one's heart—evil tempers, bad feelings and desires; we cannot cast them out ourselves; our pastors and teachers cannot; we must bring them to Christ.

THE PLACARD AND THE JUG.

A wealthy gentleman once issued a large number of temperance placards, which he desired should be posted up on fences and put in conspicuous places in public thoroughfares, and, when practicable, put in the windows of the various stores.

A worthy tailor who was interested in the good cause said to himself: "I cannot help the cause by public speaking—I have no talent for that; but as hundreds of people pass my store every day, I will put one of these placards in my window. I will devote this large pane to placards, tracts, or papers which, by the blessing of God, some may be induced to stop and read."

Near him lived a man noted for his hard drinking. Every day he might be seen with a brown jug in his hand on his way to the whiskey saloon. He had to pass the tailor's store. His eye rested on the placard. He stopped and read it, and passed on to the saloon. This occurred several mornings, and the tailor from within could scan the man's face without himself being observed. He noticed that the man's interest in the placard increased, and by the twitchings of his face it was evident that the words were making a deep impression on his mind.

One morning the tailor was surprised at seeing the man with the jug again reading the placard, and then heard him say: "I'll do it; I will! I will!" at the same time raising the jug high over his head, he dashed it down on the pavement into a thousand pieces. This drew the tailor to the door, when he kindly spoke to the man and invited him into his store, where he encouraged him, and, as he was a Christian man, prayed with him, and ere long the noted drinker became a converted man. A very silent worker was this placard, but it was the means, by God's blessing, of stopping the man from further drinking.—*Temperance Banner.*

MATTERS OF MORE IMPORTANCE.

The Indiana *Monitor Journal* gives the following: "A gentleman, living not far from Vincennes, Ind. said: "Well temperance is all right enough, but there are matters of more importance before the people now." Two nights after he made the above remarks, a spring-waggon was stopped in front of his house about one o'clock in the morning. He was called to the door. His wife looked out of the window and saw six men carrying something on a door or wide board. She guessed what it was in an instant, and giving a wild, frantic scream, she cried: 'My boy! O my boy! What shall I do? He is dead, he was killed! I know he is killed! Oh, I've been fearing this would happen! Oh, that cursed whiskey!" Surely enough it was her son, brought home nearly dead. He had been drunk, and engaged in a saloon brawl. He was brutally beaten into almost a shapeless, unrecognizable mass, and was stabbed in the right side. But for the timely interference of friends, he would undoubtedly have been murdered. Yet his own father says there are matters of more importance than temperance and sobriety.

CROSSING THE LINE.

A boy who went with his father on a voyage to South America, was anxious to see the equatorial line, and said to an old sailor:

"Jack will you show me the old line when we cross it?"

"O, yes, my boy."

After a few days the boy asked whether they had crossed the line.

The old sailor said, "Yes, my lad."

"Why didn't you tell me, and show it to me?"

The old sailor replied, "O, my lad, we always cross the line in the dark."

Moderate drinkers always cross the line between moderate and immoderate in the dark. Mental and moral night settle down on the line between moderate drinking and inebriety, blinding to the awful facts of ruin and death only a little further on.—*Christian Advocate.*

IT IS A great virtue to restrain the tongue, to know how to be silent even though we know we are in the right.

SUMMER.

Summer is here and with it the MESSENGER which never fails in its visits all the year round. The MESSENGER has not been quite as successful as usual this year. What can be the matter? Our readers will notice that the last few numbers have been printed on nicer paper than heretofore and that there has been gradual improvement in many ways. We hope they will assist us to improve the summer, so that the MESSENGER before it is closed will have gained many more readers than it has at present. The greatest increase in the circulation of the MESSENGER began in a summer. Let the summer of 1882 be a notable one in the history of the MESSENGER.

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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.